

THE LABORER.

STAND UP—greet! Thou hast the form
And likeness of thy God—who more?
A soul as dauntless'nd the storm
Of daily life, a heart as warm
And pure, as breast e'er wore.
What then?—Thou art as true a man
As moves the human mass along,
As much a part of the Great Plan
That with Creation's dawn began,
As any of the throng.

Who is thine enemy?—the high
In station or in wealth the chief?
The great, who coldly pass thee by,
With proud step and averted eye?
Nay! nuse not such hel'd.

It rests unto thyself thou wast,
What were the proud one's scorn to thee?
A lecher, which thou mightest cast
Aside, as ill as the blast,
The light host of the tree.

No—unwieldy passions—low desire—
Absence of noble self-respect—
Death, in the breast's consuming fires,
To that high nature which aspires
Fever, till thus checked;

These are thine enemies—they worst:
They chain thee to thy loveliest lot—
The law and thy life accrue,
Oh stand erect; and from them burst!
And longer suffer not!

Then art thyself thine enemy?
The great!—what better than thou?
As this, is not thy will as free?
Has God with equal favors thee
Neglected to endow?

True, wealth thou hast not; 'tis but dust;
Nor place; uncertain as the wind!
But that thou hast, which with the crust
And water, may despoil the lust
Of both—a noble mind.

With this, and passions under ban,
True faith, and holy trust in God,
Then art the peer of any man,
Look up, then—that thy little span
Of life may be well tried!

WIT AT A PINCH.

A country girl one morning went
To market with a pig;
The little curst, not content,
Squealed on a merry gig.

A dandy who was riding by,
Who wished to pass a joke;
"My dear, how comes your child to cry,
When wrapped up in your cloak?"

The country girl quite quaked,
"So had a breeding had he,
That, even now, he cries;
Where's he seen his dandy?"

MASON AND DIXON'S LINE.

The following from the Salem Gazette, will undoubtedly be interesting to many of our readers, as it contains a brief and comprehensive history of a division line, so often alluded to by politicians:—"This boundary is so termed from the names of Charles Mason and Jeremiah Dixon—the two gentlemen who were appointed to run unfinished lines in 1762, between Pennsylvania and Maryland, on the Territories subjected to the heirs of Penn and Lord Baltimore. A temporary line had been run in 1759, but had not given satisfaction to the disputing parties, although it resulted from an agreement in 1739, between themselves. A decree had been made in 1618 by King James, delineating the boundaries between the lands given by charter to the first Lord Baltimore, and those adjudged to his Majesty, (afterwards to William Penn,) which divided the tract of land between Delaware Bay and the Chesapeake Bay on the other, by a line equally intersecting it, drawn from Cape Henlopen to the 4th degree of north latitude. A decree in chancery rendered the King's decree imperative. But the situation of Henlopen became long a subject of severity, protracted and expensive litigation, particularly after the death of Penn, in 1718, and of Lord Baltimore in 1714, until John and Richard and Thos. Penn, (who had become the sole proprietors of the American possessions of their father William,) and Cecilius, the original patentees, entered into an agreement on the 19th of May 1727. To this agreement a chart was appended, which ascertained the site of Cape Henlopen, and delineated a division by an east and west line, running westward from that Cape to the exact middle of the Peninsula. Lord Baltimore became dissatisfied with this agreement, and endeavored to invalidate it. Chancery suits, kingly decrees, and proprietary arrangements followed, which eventually produced the appointment of commissioners to run the temporary line. This was effected in 1739. But the case of chancery being decided in 1739, new commissioners were appointed, who could not, however, agree, and the question remained open until 1762, when the line was run by Messrs. Mason & Dixon."

THE RULING PASSION.

We have some where read of a hard case whom his friend had tried every way to break his confirmed habit of drinking. As a last experiment, they took him dead drunk, and placed him nicely in a coffin. In order to convince him still stronger that he was dead and gone, a friend consented to disguise and stow himself away in another coffin close by, in order to watch the effects and carry out according to circumstances the serious joke.

ORIGIN OF HOAXING.

The first hoax of a modern kind on record was practised by a wag in the reign of Queen Anne. It appeared in the papers of that time. "A well-dressed man rode down the king's road from Fulham, at a most furious rate, commanding each turnpike to be thrown open, as he was a messenger, conveying the news of the queen's sudden death. The alarm instantly spread into every quarter of the city; the trained bands, who were on their parade, desisted from their exercise, furled their colors, and returned home with their arms reversed. The shopkeepers began to collect their sables, when the jest was discovered—not the author of it."

Dr. Lathrop, in one of his sermons says, "It were true that there is no God, what evidence can the Atheist have that he shall not exist? Whatever was the cause of his existence here, may be the cause of his existence hereafter. Or, if there is no cause, he may exist without a cause in another state as well as in this. And if his corrupt and abominable works make him so unhappy here, that he had rather be annihilated than run the hazard of a future existence, what hinders but he may be unhappy forever? The man, then, is a fool that wishes there were no God, hoping thus to be secure from future misery; for admitting there were no God, still he may exist hereafter as well as here; and if he does exist, his corruptions and vices may render him miserable eternally, as well as for the present."

Paul Jones hoisted the first ensign of a regular American man of war, on board the Alfred, Dec. 1775. The ensign was a device representing a pine tree with a rattlesnake coiled at its root, with the motto—"Don't tread on me."—Cooper's Naval History.

"I am instructed to inform you that Mr Brown expects the money to-morrow," said a messenger from an impatient creditor to a dilatory debtor.

"Well, if he don't get it, tell him to keep on expecting!" was the cool reply.

Beautiful is the dying of the great sun; when the last song of the birds fades into the lapis of silence; when the islands of the clouds are bathed in light, and the first star springs up over the grave of day.

A rich old miser, being seated at the dinner-table with all the members of his family, and glancing his eyes around, said,

"How the branches thrive from so old a stump."

"Yes," said one of the family, "and I think that the branches would thrive much better if the old stump was out of the way."

A man was put into a coffin for dead, at Lewis-town, Pa., a few days since, but, falling through the bottom, got knocked back to life, and very naturally asked what the deuce his friends were about. He refused to pay the funeral expenses, and has been sued by the undertaker for his coffin. He will have to pay for "acting possum."

"Boy," said a pugnacious old fellow to a noisy urchin, "what are you hollerin' for when I'm going by?" "Humph!" returned the boy, "what are you going by for when I'm hollerin'?"

From the N. E. Farmer.

THE POTATO.

Is the potato a root? Is it a queer potato into the N. E. Farmer of the 3d of March. If it be intended to ask if the part which we eat, the tuber as it is called, be a root, the answer must be no. "VERB SAT," is correct in supposing it to be so.

The living covering of almost all parts of plants, except the roots, parts under water, and some fruits, is pierced with small holes called *Stomata*, or pores, which facilitate evaporation. When there is a usual degree of development of cellular substance, as in fruits, the part is said to be in a state of *anamorphosis*. Fruits and stems in this state have very few or no stomata or perspiring pores. Many people have noticed on potato stems, knobs, purple tuber at the base or rather in the axils of each leaf. In some seasons, and on some varieties of the potato, these tubers are common, sometimes exceeding a finger in size. Now these tubers are situated in the very places from which, by the laws of vegetation, branches would be produced; whence there can be no doubt, but that they are the radiments of branches or branches themselves in a state of *anamorphosis*. They are destitute of exhalation pores and the materials which would have possessed other properties, had these germs become branches, acquire a character rendering them fit for food. The tuber of a potato is a stem destitute of pores in the system, and appearing in a state unnatural development. The mystery seems to consist in this—that the great amount of starch it contains appears to have been accumulated rather for the want of some of the vessels proper to the plant, than by additional organs by which it might have been elaborated and secreted.

Among dicotyledonous plants, a common, native species of *Loosestrife*, (*Lysimachia racemosa*), bears tubers at the axile of the leaves; and among the monocotyledonous plants, we have familiar examples of similar character in the coves of the garlic, in the top of Canada onion, as well as in the dark purple bulb at the bases of the leaves of the Leopard Lily, (*Lilium bulbiferum*). Such plants are sometimes called *epiphytes*.

Fairport, Ohio.

Economy in Candles.—If you are without a candle, and would burn a candle all night, unless you use the following precaution, it is ten to one an ordinary candle will gutter away in an hour or two sometimes to the endangering the safety of the house. This may be avoided by placing as much common salt, finely powdered, as will reach from the tallow to the bottom of the black part of the wick of a partly burnt candle, when, if the same be lit, it will burn very slowly, yielding sufficient light for a bedchamber; the salt will gradually sink as the tallow is consumed, the melted tallow being drawn through the salt, and consumed in the wick.

Economist.

Worms in pots may be easily destroyed by simply watering the soil with lime water, which may be made by putting a piece of lime weighing about two pounds into a pail of water; after the whole is slackened and stirred up, it should be allowed to settle. The clear water may then be turned off, and the soil in the pots should be liberally watered with it. The worms will soon appear, the premises by crawling out upon the surface, where they may be taken off and destroyed. If any remain, another watering may be applied. We have never found any difficulty in destroying them by this method.

For sale: J. S. Avery's Certificate.

This may certify, that Providence in his afflictions saw proper to confine me to a bed of sickness about the last of August, 1836. I was attended by two respectable physicians of the Old School under their treatment, and not a drop of medicine was given me, but a few drops of water. I was even left by my last physician to die, as he informed my husband and my friends that "there was no use to send for any other physician as all had been done that could be done, and I must die in less than a week." I had heard of Dr. H. C. White's treatment on the *Reformed or New England System*, and sent for him for consultation, but he did not give much encouragement but concluded to try *Table Medicines*. At that time I was reduced so low as to be helpless. I was literally nothing but a living skeleton. 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